

Millersburg, Iowa, Sept. 13th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I am not feeling well to-day, and did not go to school, I will write a letter for the EVANGELIST. I wrote one in August, but I have not seen it in the paper yet. It has been very dry here this summer, but we are having plenty of rain now. I will answer some of the children's questions. Cain was the first murderer. He killed his brother Abel. Noah was 950 years old when he died. Gen. ix, 29. The word girl is mentioned twice in the Bible.

EVA MILLER.

Ashland, Ohio, Sept. 7th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I love to read the children's letters, but have not read any for some time. I enjoy the meetings of our King's Children very much. We have thirty-two children in our society. Last month my sister was elected secretary and I was elected treasurer. My sister was baptized by Brother Haskins. I am twelve years old.

Yours in love,

EDNA J. BAUM.

NO HOME.

How many persons there are in this world who are homeless. On some a stain has rested from their birth; in other cases sin or sorrow has broken up the home they once enjoyed, and has left them wanderers to struggle through the darkness as best as they may. Others through their own fault have become outcast wanderers, vagabonds on the face of the earth. But whatever the cause is, the condition of the homeless is pitiable. There are yearning hearts which have no one to love; there are kindly hands which only clasp the palms of strangers; there are voices which might speak the music of tender affection, but which only utter the cold common-places of reserved and ceremonious association. Sometimes the homeless become austere, and sour, and suspicious, and sometimes they keep up good heart, and look forward and long for the time when their homelessness shall be over and they shall rest in the eternal home.

And many there are who might give homes to weary and homeless ones. What multitudes of lonely dwellings there are, which might be made bright by the presence of wanderers who could bring gladness to others, even if they had little gladness themselves. God "setteth the solitary in families." He it is who takes special interest in the homeless, and who brings many a soul from homelessness and desolation to friendship, and communion, and peace.

There are many things which unfit persons for the hallowed delights of home. There are natural antipathies; there is a selfishness, suspiciousness, and sensitive-

ness in many people, which makes them unhappy, and would spread unhappiness in any home where they dwelt. But if such will yield themselves to the Lord, He can remedy these ills, for by his spirit he can renew the heart, change the disposition, renovate the life, and join together hearts that would otherwise be separated; turning discord to harmony, and turmoil to peace, and making glad with an abiding gladness those who have been vexed and wearied, afflicted and discouraged, tossed with tempest, and not comforted.

If all hearts would yield to the Spirit of God and be led by him, there would be no homeless ones. He would set the solitary in families; would brighten the lives of those whose sky is overcast; would soothe the sorrows of the disconsolate and would prepare those who have been homeless here for that everlasting home where "the redeemed of the Lord" shall gather, and

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end."—*The Christian*.

Time was when the preacher was expected to give to his people the meaning of the passage chosen as his text, as nearly as he was able to make it out, and he was the best preacher, other things being equal, who excelled in ability to make the word of God speak for itself, setting forth its truths in the clearest and most impressive light. But all that seems to be changed. A volume of sermons, lately under review, is praised by a contemporary because the preacher "employs with effect that original use of texts by which the passage is suddenly illuminated in an unexpected though legitimate way;" and then, to illustrate, it is pointed out that from the text, "It is not good that man should be alone," "The Christian duty of public spirit" was proclaimed; from the text, "Consider the lillies of the field," "Nature as a means of grace;" from the text, "I have trodden the wine press alone," "Individualism" was preached. Truly, the themes drawn from the text are "unexpected" though we must dissent from the opinion that they are legitimate. We can not believe that "the Christian duty of public spirit" is a legitimate theme from the text, "It is not good for man to be alone." It is a text from which to preach on the sacredness of the marriage relation and the duties growing out of it; but it goes no farther than the individual family. Any other use of it is a perversion; and, although undiscerning hearers may admire the ingenuity of the preacher, the thoughtful must feel more or less contempt for him who dares to so pervert the word of God.—*Journal and Messenger*.

MARRYING AN INFIDEL-HYPOCRITE.

There is much hypocrisy in the church, there is doubtless more outside, and infidels have their full share, and there is no time when they show it more plainly than when courting some good, Christian girl. We remember an instance of a man who, at such a time, though not exactly a Christian, was "very much interested." He went to meeting; he bought him a reference Bible. He got a copy of Cruden's Concordance. He studied them, and got the girl he wanted; a bright, lovely, intelligent woman. Then his interest ceased. He showed what was in him. He swung an ax over her head and threatened to brain her. He made life a burden to her. He wrecked her home and blasted her life. She got acquainted with him too late.

Another instance we find recorded in a religious paper: "A noble Christian girl was thrown in the company of a man who, in manner, dress and conversation, seemed to be a gentleman. He was by profession a physician. When she wanted to go to church he took her, and to prayer meetings too. He preferred the theatre, to be sure, but her choice was his, for he was wooing.

"They married. The man struck her one day a blow from which she never recovered. With his fist? No, no. That would have been kindness compared with what came. They were at dinner. She asked him to go with her to prayer meeting that night, for since marriage he had not gone save two or three times past. He said he was too busy; that was his usual excuse; but to-day, when she asked him, he said "Look here, wife, you don't really believe in that, do you? This praying nonsense and the personal God? 'What' said she, 'don't you believe in God?' 'No of course not; this church business is all bosh.' 'What you don't mean to tell me you are an infidel! That I have married an infidel. Oh!'"

"He picked her up in a dead faint. It was weeks before the color came back to her face; then it slowly faded away and has never returned. She is an old woman now; the wrinkles have ploughed deep in her face; she dresses in black. Four children were born to them, all boys. They all took after their father. His office being in the house, he met them much, and instilled his notions into their brains and heart. They have no children now. They have all died between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and each died as he had lived, godless, hopeless. She saw them all wrapped in Christless graves. And often alone in her room you will hear her so and wring her hands, repeating the third chapter of Job, saying, 'I wish I had never been born.' To have given the world four boys, and all lived and died without hope, is more than she can bear, and she longs for death to end her earthly existence, yet dreads it too. Girls, keep the company of Christian men, and marry only in the Lord."—*The Christian*.